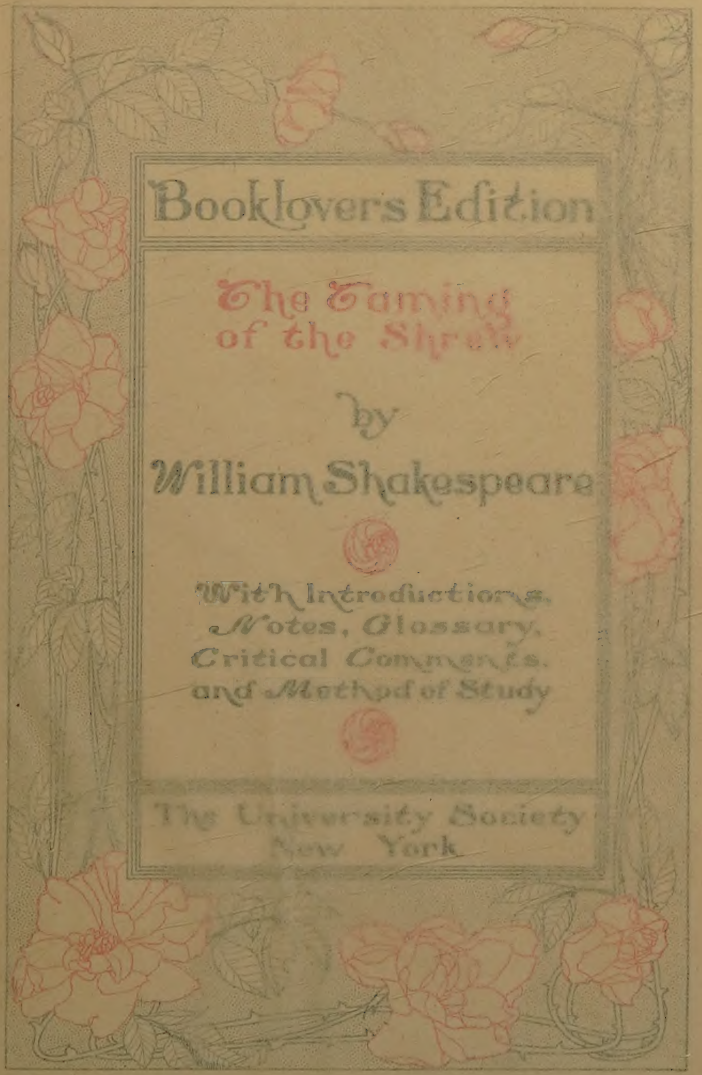
The Taming of the Shrew

PETRUCHIO : "Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW *Act* IV *Scene* 3


Booklovers Edition
The Taming of the Shrew
by
William Shakespeare
With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study
The University Society
New York

PETRUCHIO: "Why, what, o' God's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Taming of The Shrew* was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on Nov. 19th, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew,* which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of '*The Shrew*' instead of '*A Shrew,*' the copyright of which he had secured.

The Taming of A Shrew. The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays,* 1776; *The Shakespeare Society publications,* 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of '*A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.*' (A specimen of the play will be found at the back of the title-page of this volume.) Pope actually attributed this crude effort to Shakespeare him-

self; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe —their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590-2.

The Date of Shakespeare's Adaptation. *The Taming of The Shrew* is not mentioned by Mertes in 1598; unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labour Won.* Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even 'as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense' (*cp. Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays, pp.* 33-35).

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connexion with his original is considered.* It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between '*A Shrew,* and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearian portion of '*The Shrew.*'

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearian portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

* Meres mentions *King John,* though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of '*The Shrew.*' One should note, too, the mention of *Titus,* and the omission of 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors*; at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV.** Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596-7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601-3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602.)

Shakespeare's Share in the Play. As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I. is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II. i. is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearian portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169-326; 115-326, with the omission of ll. 241-254; 115-326. Act III. i. may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearian. Act III. ii. is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130-150, or possibly of ll. 1-88, 126-185. Act IV. i. iii. v. are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV. ii. iv., Act V. i. are similarly throughout non-Shakespearian. Act V. ii. 1-175 (or 1-181), certainly Shakespeare. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual,* p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society,* 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America,* 1890.)

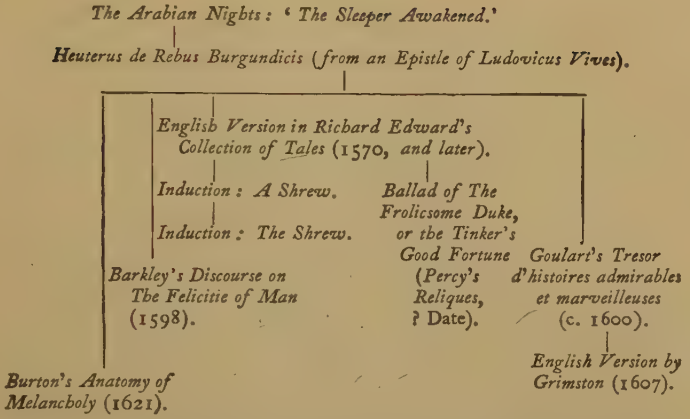
* The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the first Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to '*Sinklo,*' in the Folio; 'Sinklo' acted in 3 *Henry VI.,* an early play, and 2 *Henry IV.* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of 'a keeper'; in the latter instead of 'a beadle.'

['Nicke,' the messenger, mentioned in Act i. 1, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

'The Shrew' and 'A Shrew': some noteworthy Variations. (i.) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterisation is concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii.) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in '*The Shrew*';* in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the *Tapster*." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had 'the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life,' &c. (iii.) Further, the scene of action has been changed from 'Athens' to 'Padua.' (iv.) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant 'Ferardo' has given place to the 'whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio.' (v.) Kate in '*A Shrew*' has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in '*The Shrew.*' (vi.) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

The Sources. (i.) The Induction. The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the '*Arabian Nights,*' whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatised by Chalderon in his '*La Vida es Sueño*' ('*Life's a Dream,*' c. 1633), probably from Rojas' '*Viaje Entretenido,*' is perhaps as follows:—

* From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I. i. seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.


The Arabian Nights: 'The Sleeper Awakened.'
Heuterus de Rebus Burgundicis (from an Epistle of Ludovicus Vives).
English Version in Richard Edward's Collection of Tales (1570, and later).
Induction: A Shrew.
Induction: The Shrew.
Ballad of The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune (Percy's Reliques, ? Date).
Barkley's Discourse on The Felicitie of Man (1598).
Goulart's Tresor d'histoires admirables et marveilleuses (c. 1600).
English Version by Grimston (1607).
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (1621).

(ii.) The Main Plot. The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of the Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, '*A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife in lapped Morrelles Skin*'* (*before* 1575), but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII. 2 (published in 1550).

(iii.) The Under Plot. The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV. and V. of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.†

(iv.) The Latin Lesson. This element (Act III. i.)

* Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew,* in the (old) Shakespeare's Society's publication.

† From this same source, too, the name 'Petruchio' was, perhaps, derived.

may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London,* printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Play,* VI. 500).

The Duration of Action. According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals, which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I. *Day* 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel: *Day* 3. Act III. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding. *Day* 4. Act III. ii.; Act IV. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?). *Day* 5. Act IV. ii. Interval (?). *Day* 6. Act IV. iii., iv., v., and Act V. (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days." (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society,* 1877-79, p. 168).

The Tamer Tamed. Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the '*Taming of the Shrew*' in his '*Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*' (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and 'eke her patience,' and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the 'masculine' daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account, aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and 'Commander-in-chief' Bianca, 'city wives,' 'county wives,' &c. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, 'born again,' and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

'The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives

Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

Induction. A tinker named Christopher Sly is found in a drunken stupor by a lord, who, to make sport, causes him to be conveyed to the castle, clothed in the costliest apparel and placed in the richest bed. Upon awakening Sly finds himself surrounded by attendants who persuade him that he is a nobleman who for many years has been mentally deluded. And in his honour the following play is presented:—

I. Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua, has two daughters, Katharina and Bianca. The latter, because of her gentleness and charm, has numerous admirers. But her father refuses to listen to any of them until her elder sister is married, which event seems doubtful on account of Katharina's shrewish disposition. The several lovers of Bianca are in despair until the advent of a peculiar Veronese gentleman, Petruchio, whose hasty temperament seems well suited to the shrew.

Among Bianca's admirers is Lucentio, a native of Pisa, who decides to disguise himself and engage with Baptista as tutor for Bianca, giving over his proper name and rank to Tranio, his servant.

II. Tranio sues as Lucentio for Bianca's hand, while the real Lucentio obtains the position as tutor, intending thus to try to win her covertly. In the meantime, Petruchio obtains Baptista's willing consent to his suit for Katharina, and woos her in singular fashion, overriding

all her harshness and disdain with the abrupt declaration that they shall be married on the next Sunday.

III. At the appointed time the wedding-party assembles without the bridegroom. But he appears after an interval clad in most incongruous apparel, which he persists in wearing to the church—despite the open disapproval of the party—declaring: "To me she 's married, not unto my clothes." Immediately after the ceremony he departs for home with Katharina, not even tarrying for the wedding-feast, although his bride first entreats and then storms.

IV. At his country-house Petruchio treats Katharina rigorously, while pretending to be assiduous in his care of her. She gets very little to eat, because he claims that the food is not cooked properly; and the new garments which have been ordered for her are rejected, although she is very well pleased with them. He is so harsh with the servants and so dogmatic in his statements, that his wife forgets her own arbitrary disposition in the desire to keep his temper even. Finally she becomes quite submissive to his will.

In Padua the fictitious Lucentio obtains Baptista's consent to his suit for Bianca, while the real Lucentio succeeds in winning the lady. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio presses an aged schoolmaster into service to play this part.

V. At this juncture the real father arrives and encounters Tranio in his master's garments. Tranio must needs face it out to gain time for Lucentio, and is on the point of causing the arrest of the father, when Lucentio and Bianca arrive as man and wife. Mutual explanations follow, and the entire party gather at a banquet at Lucentio's home in Padua. Katharina and Petruchio are among the guests. After the feast is over and the ladies have withdrawn into another room, the gentlemen discuss obedience as a wifely virtue, and the opinion is expressed that Petruchio's wife must be "the veriest shrew of all." A wager is made, and to the surprise of all,

Katharina shows herself to be more gentle and yielding than Bianca or another bride there present.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Katharina.

When the play commences, Katharina appears instated in the character of a shrew, rough, peevish, petulant, irritable, and therefore, however she obtained the character, in a false position which aggravates itself. Her younger and milder mannered sister is beset with suitors, and upon her she vents her petulance in terms which show how far her continued single state reacts upon the testiness that already deprives her of suitors, and the mischief reproduces itself. To such a state of things Petruchio was born to put an end; there is thus much sympathy between the two at starting, that well provided married state is their common object with secondary interest in the individual to be chosen. The simple difficulty to be apprehended of cross purposes, and repulsion at first encounter, is happily obviated by positive determination to take and admit of nothing other than as desired; and accordingly, after a scene of the strangest pertinacity, in which Petruchio mingles a fair proportion of flattery with banter and defiance, he makes such progress that my lady takes refuge in the sulks, and with protesting grumblings and compliant gestures she gives her hand when he asks for it for the ceremonious betrothal, nay without protesting or resisting so far gives a parting kiss when he asks it that he takes it without ceremony and then she withdraws silent, but by that very token not ill satisfied.

We may guess how far the pair are suited when we find her still more disappointed than piqued when he is unheard of on the day fixed for marriage. He arrives at

last, and rough as he is and rudely accoutred she marries him notwithstanding, and no declared and obstinate opposition do we hear of until they are surely tied. Then for the first time resistance openly appears; she will stay for the bridal dinner will he or not, and now the true conflict and the taming begins. The moral of the contest proves merely this, that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition and must ultimately be wearied and tired out. The matter however does not rest there; if we might apply the moral of the tale generally, Shakespeare would be an authority to back the adage:—

> "A spaniel, a woman, and walnut tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

Katharina at last does not remain in mere compelled obedience; her very spirit is subdued to the quality of natural subordination. With spaniel-like subservience she now turns on Hortensio's widow, when she hints that Petruchio is not absolute, and at last delivers a homily with no hint of insincerity, on the law of nature as illustrative of feminine subjugation:—

> "Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
> Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
> But that our soft conditions and our hearts
> Should well agree with our external parts?"

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Pretruchio.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object

is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can 't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour"; tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman,* and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

IV.

The Subordinate Parts.

The subordinate parts of the play—the intrigues of Bianca's suitors against one another, the love affairs of Gremio, of Hortensio and the widow, of Lucentio and Bianca—are, as already remarked, but very loosely interwoven with the main action, and thus stand opposed to it in the form of a second, independent half. This is a defect which Shakspeare could, indeed, not very well have avoided unless he meant entirely to change the old play. And yet upon a closer examination there are nevertheless indications which point to the fundamental motive of the whole, and thus connect the subordinate portions with the principal part. A character like Katharina can be accounted for only by her having received an entirely wrong education, and a false mode of treatment; the father of such a daughter must have wholly misunderstood his position as a father, and, in place of ruling his house with paternal strictness and manly authority, must have abandoned himself to effeminacy and weakness. And this is precisely what good old Baptista appears to have done, for although he makes no secret of his daughter's faults he does not even attempt to correct them. Vincentio also, to judge from the little we see of the development of his character, must have suffered from a similar weakness, otherwise Lucentio, his light-headed son, would not have so entirely forgotten all filial duty and respect towards him as to venture to pass off a ridiculous pedant as his own father, merely to promote his own interests; and Vincentio himself would not have permitted his son to be accompanied by servants equally inconsiderate of their position as servants. Gremio, the old suitor, is very rightly outwitted and made laughing-stock for forgetting his years and becoming the rival of a spirited youth for the love of a pretty girl. Lastly, Lucentio and Hortensio lose their wager against Petruchio, and are deservedly

put to shame for perpetually playing the part of devoted and obsequious lovers, and thus losing sight of the seriousness of their position as men, and their dignity as husbands, accordingly, for having likewise placed themselves in a false and unbecoming position.

ULRICI: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

The Induction and the Two Plots.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality; the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing

swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall anywhere find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are everywhere sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence anyway save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do anything wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare and His Original.

The refined instinct, artistic judgement, and consummate taste of Shakespeare were perhaps never so wonderfully shown as in his recast of another man's work—a man of real if rough genius of comedy—which we get in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Only the collation of scene with scene, then of speech with speech, then of line with line, will show how much may be borrowed from a stranger's material and how much may be added to it by the same stroke of a single hand. All the force and humour alike of character and situation belong to Shakespeare's eclipsed and forlorn precursor; he has added nothing; he has tempered and enriched everything. That

the luckless author of the first sketch is like to remain a man as nameless as the deed of the witches in *Macbeth*, unless some chance or caprice of accident should suddenly flash favouring light on his now impersonal and indiscoverable individuality, seems clear enough when we take into account the double and final disproof of his imaginary identity with Marlowe, which Mr. Dyce has put forward with such unanswerable certitude. He is a clumsy and coarse-fingered plagiarist from that poet, and his stolen jewels of expression look so grossly out of place in the homely setting of his usual style that they seem transmuted from real to sham. On the other hand, he is of all the Pre-Shakespeareans known to us incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humourist; one indeed without a second on that ground, for "the rest are nowhere."

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Salient Features.

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludi-

crous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VIII.

Shakespeare and Italy.

The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian:—

> "Tranio, since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
> . . . . . .
> Here let us breathe, and haply institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies."

The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

> "Pisa, renowned for grave citizens."

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

Lucentio says, his father came "of the Bentivolii": this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write "of the Bentivolios." Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:—

> *Bap.* . . . Give me your hands;
> God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
> *Gre.* . . . *Tra.* Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as " father and wife "; because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his " mad attire " with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off to Venice, the very place for finery, to buy " rings and things, and fine array " for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The Taming of the Shrew.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* BIANCA, } *daughters to Baptista.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players

That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship': I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she

know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up
for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What!
I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?
First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord': I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to
leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any

means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that

runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: 240
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these 250 wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How
do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
' Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,

I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*To Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bion. following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I 'll fume with them':
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee!

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their childern; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est
Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—'Hic steterat
Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,'
presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day.
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit and a head stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came hence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a

taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was

bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First. Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beautous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That will be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat: [*him.*
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. [*Aside.* Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home.
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back;

and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They are busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yet marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O

immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!
Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
Ped. Swear, if thou darest.
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.
Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.
Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round': I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush; And then pursue me as you draw your bow. You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife:
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! 111
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty. 129

Pet. Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes.
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there 's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4, "*about*"); Induct. ii. 115.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 160.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 278.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised, do you not understand"; I. i. 190.

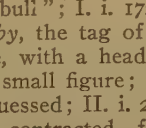
Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.," *i.e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 172.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 238.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.



Token of Alce Wates, who lived at the Sign of the Three Pigeons.

"*A little pot, and soon hot*"; alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"*Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*" etc., Welcome to our house my much honoured Signior; I. ii. 25-6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 131.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 33; I. ii. 47.

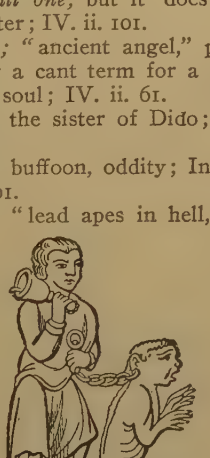
And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 158.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," al-



A mediæval ape-leader.
From the *Dialogues de St. Gregoire,* preserved at Brussells (XIIth Cent. MS., Bibl. Reg. 9917).

luding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

Apply, i.e. "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 376.

Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms*; II. i. 222.

Arras, tapestry; II. i. 353.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if, I. ii. 157; as though, II. i. 160; that, IV. iii. 114.

Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 389.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 389.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i.e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 138.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 202.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 191.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 274.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 73.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v.," *i.e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 282.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 152.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 113.

Blue coats, the dress of common serving men; IV. i. 87.

Board, woo; I. ii. 95.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i.e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 225.

This curious illustration of the above phrase is taken from a XVth Century painting in Carlisle Cathedral, illustrating a legendary history of St. Augustine.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.

Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 67.

Boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.

Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.

Bow'd, bent; II. i. 151.

Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound (*"Brach Merriman,"* l. 17, *vide* Note); Induct. i. 18.

Bravie, i.e. handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.

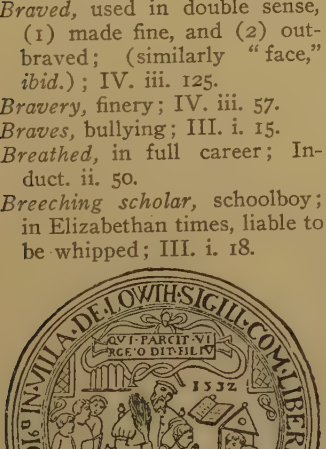
Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid.*); IV. iii. 125.

Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.

Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.

Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 50.

Breeching scholar, schoolboy; in Elizabethan times, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.



The seal of Louth Grammar School, founded 1552. (See *Journ. Brit. Arch. Asso.*, 1856, p. 154.)

Bring = take; IV. i. 173.

Buckler, shield; III. ii. 239.

Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 211.

Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 78.

Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.

But, except, unless; III. i. 62; IV. iv. 2.

Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.

Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i 207.

Buzzard, II. i. 207-9 (*vide* Note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 171.

Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 50.

Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.

Cast on no water; alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water, cast on water!" IV. i. 21.

Censer, a fire pan which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.

'Cerns = concerns; V. i. 72.

Chafed, made furious; I. ii. 203.

Chapeless, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 47.

Checks (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage, "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

Close, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

Cock's, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 113.

Conformable, compliant, yielding; II. i. 280.

Comonty; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 140.

Compassed, round; IV. iii. 140.

Conditions; "soft c.," gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

Conserves, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

Contented, pleased; IV. iv. 104.

Contents, pleases; IV. iii. 179.

Content you, keep your temper; II. i. 343.

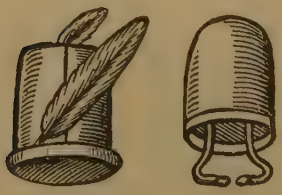
Contrive, while away; I. ii. 276.

Con tutto, etc.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

Cony-catched, deceived, tricked; V. i. 96.

Cony-catching, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 43.

Copatain hat, a high crowned hat; V. i. 63.



From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Countenance, do honour to; IV. i. 99.

Counterpoints, counterpanes; II. i. 353.

Coxcomb, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 226.

From an engraving by Fairholt of an old painting.

Crab, crab-apple; II. i. 230.

Crack-hemp, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 43.

Craven, a beaten cock; II. i. 228.

Credit, do honour to; IV. i. 100.

Cried; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i.e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct i. 23.

Cullion, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, i.e. "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage-rights; IV. iv. 92.

Cunning, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

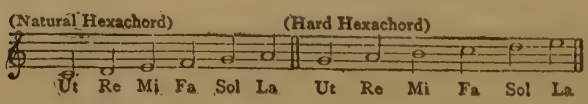
Cunning, skilful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
Curious, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
Curst, shrewish; I. i. 184.
Custard-coffin; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
Cytherea, Venus; Induct. ii. 53.

Dance bare-foot; "I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
Declining; "d. head into"= head d. into; Induct. i. 119.
Deep-mouth'd, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.
Demi-cannon, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
Denier, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou*; Induct. i. 9.
Diaper, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.
Digress, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 107.
Dog-weary, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.
Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 224.
Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," etc.; *i.e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb, I. i. 110; V. i. 137.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.
Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.
Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54.
Expect, believe (Folio 2, 'except'); IV. iv. 90.

"*Fac'd it with a card of ten,*" played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 407.
Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.
"*Fair befal thee,*" good fortune befal thee; V. ii. 111.
Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.
Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
Fault; "coldest f.," *i.e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.
Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 83.
Fear, frighten; I. ii. 211.
Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.
Few; "in a few," *i.e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.
Fine, smart; IV. i. 131.
Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 54.
"*Florentius' love*"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 69.
Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

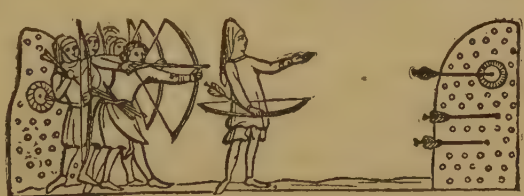
Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.
For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.
Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.
Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 150.
Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 330.
Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.
Full, exactly; I. i. 202.
Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 181.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.
Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 140.
Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 402.
Gamut, III. i. 71. (See accompanying example of Mediæval Sol-fa from Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music, q.v.* pp. 37, 186.)

Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.
Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 93.
Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.
Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.
Give over, leave; I. ii. 105.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 154.
Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 160.
Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 40.
Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 131.
Gramercies, i.e. "grands merci es," great thanks; I. i. 41.
Gratify, reward; I. ii. 273.
Green; "whiles your boots are green," *i.e.* (?) freshly greased, or fresh, new (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 211.
Grissel, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*; II. i. 297.

Haggard, a wild hawk; IV. i. 188.
Haled, pulled away by force; V. i. 104.
Halt, limp; II. i. 258.
Hand; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 147.
Hap, good luck; I. ii. 269.
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.
"Happy man be his dole," happiness be his portion; I. i. 143.
Hard; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.
Ha' to thee, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.

Have, get; Induct. ii. 39.
Have to 't, set to it; I. i. 142.
He = man; III. ii. 234.
Hic ibat Simois, etc.; from Ovid, *Epis. Heroid,* I. 33; III. 28-9.
High-cross, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 135.
Hilding, term of contempt; menial; II. i. 26.
Hipped, covered to the hips; III. ii. 48.
"Hit the white"; hit the centre of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white) a term in archery; halidom; *Holidame,* V. ii. 186. "by my halidom" = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.
"Humour of forty fancies"; probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 69.
Hungerly, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 175.
Hurly, hurly-burly; IV. i. 198.
Husband, economist, housekeeper, V. i. 65.
Husht, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

From Ward's *Woe to Drunkards* (1627). The picture illustrates "the degeneracy of the age by a comparison of its follies with the manly virtues of a former period, which are typified by the booted leg in the stirrup, etc."



From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Idle, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.
Indifferent, equally; I. ii. 181.
Indifferent; "garters of an indifferent knit," *i.e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 88.
Ingenious, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.
Ingrate, ungrateful; I. ii. 270.
Intend, pretend; IV. i. 198.
Intolerable = intolerably; I. ii. 89.
I wis, i.e. iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

Jack, a term of contempt; II. i. 159.
"Jack, boy! ho! boy!" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 41. (See Nay-

lor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 199.)

Jacks . . . jills, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men servants, and "jills," maid servants; IV. i. 49.

Jade, worthless nag; I. ii. 249.

Jealous, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

Join'd-stool, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 199.

Joltheads, blockheads; IV. i. 161.

Jump, agree; I. i. 194.

Junkets, dainties; III. ii. 248.

Kate, a play on *Kate* and *cat*; II. i. 279.

Kated, perhaps with a play upon *cat*; III. ii. 245.

Kates; "Dainties are all Kates"; a play on the word *cates*; II. i. 190.

Keep you warm; referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 268.

Kennel, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

Kindly; "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

Knack, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

Lampass, a disease in horses; III. ii. 51.

Laying on, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

Leda's daughter, i.e. Helen; I. ii. 244.

Leet, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 89.

'Leges = alleges; I. ii. 28.

Lewd, vile; IV. iii. 65.

Lie, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

Lief, gladly, willingly; I. i. 134.

Like, likely; IV. iv. 70.

Like of = like; II. i. 65.

Link, a pitch torch; IV. i. 129.

Lodging, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

Longly, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 169.

Look big, angrily; III. ii. 228.

Lovely, loving; III. ii. 123.

Lure, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 187.

From an illumination in *Le Livre du Roy. Modus.*, Nat. Lib., Paris.

Lusty, lively; II. i. 161.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; III. ii. 225.

Malt-horse, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 124.

Man, tame; IV. i. 188.

Marr'd . . . made, a favourite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115-116.

Married o' Sunday; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister*; II. i. 326.
Mart, bargain; II. i. 329.
Masquing, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.
Meacock, timorous, worthless; II. i. 315.
Meaner, of lower rank; I. i. 209.
Mercatante (spelt "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.
Merry passion, merriment; Induct. i. 97.
Mess, course; IV. iv. 70.
Mew up, shut up; I. i. 87.
Minion, saucy wench; II. i. 13.
Mi perdonato (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"); me being pardoned; I. i. 25.
Modesty, moderation; Induct. i. 68.
Mose in the chine, a disease in horses; III. ii. 50.
Moved, angry; V. ii. 142.

Napkin, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.
Neat, ox; IV. iii. 17.
News; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 229.

Of = for, II. i. 238; on, IV. i. 66; V. ii. 72.
Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow," III. ii. 30.
On = of; IV. i. 29.
Orchard, garden; II. i. 112.
Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.
Other, others; I. ii. 121.
Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 114.
Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.
Palabris; "paucas pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.
Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy (*cp. As You Like It* Glossary); III. i. 37.
Parle, barley; I. i. 117.
Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.
Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 113.
Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.
Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.
Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.
Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct i. 1.
Plash, pool; I. i. 23.
Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 48.

Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.

Port, style of living; I. i. 207.

Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.

Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.

Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.

Pricks, incites, III. ii. 74; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in, III. ii. 69.

Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally; to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 144.

Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically), III. ii. 147; elegant, IV. iii. 102.

Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 164.

Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 53; IV. i. 3.

Rebused; Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.

Reckoning, description; IV. i. 82.

Redime te captum, etc., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 166.

Rests, remains; I. i. 249.

Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 199.

Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 144.

Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric" *cp.* the Nurse's "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154), I. ii. 112.

Roundly, straightway, directly, I. i. 59; bluntly, III. ii. 214; without needless ceremony, IV. iv. 106; used with a play on the word, V. ii. 21.

Rudesby, rude clown; III. ii. 10.

Ruffling (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.

Rushes strewed; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 46.

Sack, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.

Sadness, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.

Score; "fourteen pence on the

s."; Induct. ii. 24, reckoning, tally, illustrated by the following portion of a woodcut representing the Festival of the Cobblers of Paris, August 1st, 1641.

Scrivener, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

Sealed quarts, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 90.

Secret, confidential; I. i. 157.

Seen; "well seen," well-skilled, skilful; I. ii. 134.

"Seize thee that list," i.e. let them take thee that will; III. i. 91.

Sessa; "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

Sheathing, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 130.

Sheer ale, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

Should; when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 159.

Shrewd, bad, evil; I. i. 184.

Simple, foolish; V. ii. 161.

Sith, since; I. i. 215.

Skills, matters; III. ii. 132.

Skipper, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 341.

Slipp'd, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"Socrates' Xanthippe" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"); the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

Soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 137.

Sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

So very = so great; I. i. 127.

Specialties, special deeds; II. i. 127.

Speed, succeed; I. ii. 247.

Spleen, sudden impulse of mirth; Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.

Spoke = spoken; II. i. 193.

Stale, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 90.

Stand, withstand; I. ii. 113.

Stay, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

Stead, aid; I. ii. 266.

Still, continually; IV. i. 202.

Stock, stocking; III. ii. 66.

Stomach; perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 153.

Stoop, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 186.

Straight, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

Strond (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 174.

Suits; "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

Supposes, assumed characters (*cp.* Ariosto's' "I suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as *"The Supposes"*); V. i. 113.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.

Swift, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
Swinge, lash; V. ii. 104.

Ta'en; "orders . . . ta'en," *i.e.* given; I. ii. 126.
Tall, fine; IV. iv. 17.
Tender, tend; Induct. i. 16.
Tents and canopies, probably bed hangings; II. i. 354.
Thirdborough (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
Took, gave; III. ii. 163.
Toward, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile, V. ii. 182.
Toy! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 404.
Trick, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
Trot, woman, hag; I. ii. 79.
Trunk, broad, large; IV. iii. 142.
Turtle = turtle-dove; II. i. 209.
Twangling, twanging; II. i. 159.
Twink, twinkling; II. i. 312.
Two-and thirty, a pip out; "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-Thirty"; pip = a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

Unable, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
Unapt, unfit; V. ii. 166.
Uncase, undress; I. i. 211.
Unconstant = inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
Undertake, assume; IV. ii. 106.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly; IV. i. 161.
Unpink'd, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 128.
Unreverent, disrespectful; III. ii. 112.
Untoward, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"*Vail your stomachs,*" lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
Velure, velvet; III. ii. 61.
Venice gold, i.e. Venetian gold, II. i. 356.
Vied, challenged; II. i. 311.

Wants, are wanting; III. ii. 246.
Watch, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 190.
Whatso'er, at any rate; I. ii. 216.
Who; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"*Why, when I say?*" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 138.
Widowhood, rights as a widow; II. i. 125.
Will; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 188.
"*Will you, nill you,*" whether you will or not; II. i. 273.
Wincot; probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, 2 *Henry IV.,* V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.

Wish, commend; I.i.113; I.ii.60.
With, by; IV. iii. 111.
Woodcock, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 161.
Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 62.
World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 313.
Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.
Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 53.
Yet, still; Induct. ii. 69.
Yourself = you yourself; I. ii. 157.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Induct. i. 9. *'Go by, Jeronimy'*; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."

Induct. i. 17. *'Brach Merriman'*; *'brach'* usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires *'brach'* to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of **'couple,'** 'mate.' Hanmer proposed *'leech'*; Keightley, *'bathe'*; Singer (ed. 2) *'trash,'* etc.

Induct. i. 64. *'And he says he is,'* etc., so the old eds. The read-

The accompanying illustration, from a stall in Ludlow Church, represents the punishment of an offender of Cicely Hacket's kind. A demon (whose head is missing) is carrying the ale-wife with her gay head-dress and false measure towards hell-mouth (on the right of the picture), while two other demons respectively play bagpipes and read the catalogue of the offender's sins.

ing is probably correct; the line means 'when he says he is mad, say that he dreams.' Rowe proposed '*And when he says he's poor*'; Keightley '*And when he says what he is,*' etc.

Induct. i. 88. The Folio and Quarto prefix '*Sincklo,*' the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of *2 Henry IV.*, V. iv. and in the Folio, *3 Henry VI.*, III. i.

Induct. i. 88. '*Soto*' is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased.*

Induct. ii. 89.

> 'And say you would present her at the leet,
> Because she bought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.'

I. i. 32. *Cp. The Taming of A Shrew*:—

> 'Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
> To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks.'

I. i. 42. '*If, Biondello, thou wert*'; the Collier MS. reads 'now were'; Dyce adopts this emendation.

I. i. 64. '*To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*'; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales.* "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole."

I. i. 239. '*I, sir! ne'er a whit.*' Rowe proposed '*Ay, sir, ne'er,*' etc.; Dyce, '*Ay, sir.—Ne'er.*' It is difficult to determine whether '*I*' is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for '*Ay.*'

I. i. 253. '*The presenters,*' *i.e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.

I. ii. 28. '*what he 'leges in Latin*'; the Folios and Quarto '*leges,*' an authorised form for '*alleges*'; Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.

I. ii. 151-2. '*paper . . . them*'; changed by Pope to 'papers': Mr. Daniel considers '*paper*' to be the note of the '*books,*' and '*them*' the books.

II. i. 75-84. Arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.

II. i. 202. '*No such jade as you*'; probably an error for '*no jade for such as you,*' as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*no such load as you, sir*' (Singer), etc.

II. i. 207-9. '*buzzard*' in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 207); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 208, 209); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) 'a buzzing insect,' hence 'you wasp' (l. 210). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—'that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove'; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial 'blind buzzard.'

II. i. 296. '*morn*'; *cp. Troilus,* I. iii. 229:—

> '*Modest as morning when she coldly eyes*
> *The youthful Phœbus.*'

The Collier MS. has '*moone.*'

II. i. 325. '*We will have rings and things,*' probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady"—a vague authority.

II. i. 377. '*Marseilles' road*' Folio 1 and Quarto, '*Marcellus*'; the other Folios '*Marsellis*'; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp.* '*Venice gold,*' '*Pisa walls*' in the previous speech.

III. i. 4. Theobald proposed '*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*'; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.

III. ii. 16. '*Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert '*yes*' before '*and.*' The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"*Make friends invite, yes*" (Singer); "*make friends invite guests*" (Dyce); "*make feasts, invite friends*" (Dyce, ed. 2).

IV. i. 135. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV.,* V. iii. 147. Similarly '*It was the friar of orders grey,*' etc., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.

IV. i. 203. '*to kill a wife with kindness,*' a proverbial expression. Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602.

IV. ii. 45. ''*longeth*'; the Folios and Quartos, correctly, '*longeth,*' without apostrophe; '*to long*' in the sense of '*to belong*' is common in older English writings. Similarly '*pointed*' in old eds., III. ii. 1.

IV. ii. 61. '*An ancient angel*'; so the Folios and Quartos;

Theobald suggested '*engle*' (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick,* etc., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

From the incised slab to the memory of Agnes Woolley, 1572, preserved at Matlock Church.

IV. iii. 60. '*ruffling treasure*'; Pope changed '*ruffling*' to '*rustling*'; perhaps we should read '*russling*' (for '*rustling*'), *Cp. Lear,* II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is '*russel,*' while the Folios have '*ruffle.*' Mrs. Quickly's '*rushling in silk and gold*' (*Merry Wives,* II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favour of '*rustling.*'

IV. iii. 90. '*Here's snip and nip and cut.*' A reference to fashionable slashed sleeves. (See illustration.)

IV. iv. 62. '*Cambio,*' probably an error for '*Biondello,*' as suggested by the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."

V. i. 29. '*his father has come from Padua,*' so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e.g.* '*to Padua,*' '*from Pisa,*' etc., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

[*Enter Hostess and Sly.*] The opening of the old *Taming of a Shrew* is as follows:—

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and bear him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not. *Exeunt* two with *Slie.*

77, 78. *An't please your honour,* etc.:—It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet,* II. ii.

102. *buttery*:—Pope remarks that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery,* not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."

Scene II.

[*Enter aloft,* etc.] According to the original stage direction, Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony, where, at the performance of a play within a play the mimic spectators sometimes sat, while the action was carried on at the front of the stage. In the middle of the deep stage, according to Tieck, rose two wooden pillars, eight or ten feet high, which supported the balcony. Three broad steps led from the front stage to the inner alcove under the balcony, which was sometimes open, sometimes curtained off. It represented, according to circumstances, a cave, a room, a summer-house, a family vault, and so forth. It was here that, in *Macbeth,* the ghost of Banquo appeared seated at the table. Here stood the bed on which Desdemona was smothered. Here, in *Hamlet,* the play within a play was acted. Here Gloucester's eyes were put out. On the balcony above, Juliet waited for her Romeo, and Sly took his place to see *The Taming of the Shrew.* When the siege of a town had to be represented, the defenders of the walls stood and parleyed on this

balcony, while the assailants were grouped in the foreground.

In the old play this is the beginning of the Scene:—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. *fair Padua, nursery of arts*:—"During the ages," says Knight, "when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded

into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:—

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua';

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves
The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep';

or a 'Pedant' (IV. ii.) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the Poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages'; also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a

strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

80. *Sister, content you,* etc.:—Clarke says of Bianca: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katharina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katharina's conduct in all things."

Scene II.

26. *Petrucio*:—Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare, Anglicizing it, wrote it *Petruchio,* in order, perhaps, to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*

69. *Florentius' love*:—This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story is found in the *Gesta Romanorum,* and Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale has the same plot.

73, 74. *as rough,* etc.:—The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas," which pour over it into the Lagunes.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

101. *Greek and Latin books*:—Knight says: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than

other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education."

183. *Good morrow, Kate,* etc.:—We find in the old play:—

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate,* this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando,* what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

268. *Yes; keep you warm*:—This appears to allude to some old proverb. So in *Much Ado About Nothing,* I. i. 66-68: "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm,* let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

297. *Grissel*:—The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio, through Petrarch. It is thought to be older than the time of Boccaccio, as it is to be found among the old French *fabliaux.*

311. *She vied,* etc.:—Petruchio appears to mean that Katharina played as for a wager with her kisses, *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

316. *unto Venice*:—"If Shakespeare," says Knight, "had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any

educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury. Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

326. *we will be married o' Sunday*:—Thus in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566:—

> "I mun be maried a Sunday;
> I mun be maried a Sunday;
> Whosoever shall come that way,
> I mun be maried a Sunday."

413. An adaptation of the following from the old play is inserted at the end of this Scene by Pope:—

> Then *Slie* speakes.
> *Slie. Sim*, when will the foole come againe?
> *Lord.* Heele come againe my Lord anon.
> *Slie.* Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
> The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
> *Lord.* So I doo my Lord.
> *Slie.* Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

41. *Now let me see,* etc.:—"Here we see Bianca in her true colours," says Clarke. "No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself'; orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit; and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. Shakespeare has drawn her consistently throughout."

80. *nice*:—Apparently meaning *foolish, simple,* or *trifling.* So in Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:—

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* V. ii.: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge of dear import."

Scene II.

86. [*Enter Petruchio.*] We have in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
Feran. Godmorrow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,

And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

170 *et seq.*:—The custom of taking wine and sops (wafers or cakes dipped in the wine) immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess": "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe,* and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." The custom was practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* the cup is called a *knitting cup*; in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's* the *contracting cup.* The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

24, 25. *beast,* etc.:—Grumio calls himself *a beast,* and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow.* Grumio is think-

ing of the proverbial saying, "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

115. *Where be these knaves?*—The following is from the old play:—

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vpon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum,* sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.
Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence.
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*
Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

129. *no link to colour Peter's hat*:—That is, to blacken it anew. So in *Mihil Mumchance,* formerly supposed to be the work of Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blackt over* with the *smoake of an old linke.*"

140, 141. Bishop Percy constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Grey,* from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

149. *Come, Kate, and wash*:—"Table-knives," according to

Brandes, "had been in general use since about 1563; but forks were still unknown in Shakespeare's time—fingers supplied their place. In a description of five months' travels on the Continent, published by Coryat in 1611, he tells how surprised he was to find the use of forks quite common in Italy: 'I obserued a custome in all those Italian Cities and Townes through which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy doe alwaies at their meales vse a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand vpon the same dish, so that whatsoeuer he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. . . . The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' We see, too, that Coryat was the first to introduce the new appliance into his native land. He tells us that he thought it best to imitate the Italian fashion not only in Italy and Germany, but 'often in England' after his return; and he relates how a learned and jocular gentleman of his acquaintance rallied him on that account and called him 'Furcifer.' In one of Ben Jonson's plays, *The Devil is an Ass*, dating from 1614, the use of forks is mentioned as lately imported from Italy, in order to save napkins. We must conceive, then, that Shakespeare was as unfamiliar with the use of the fork as a Bedouin Arab of to-day."

151. *Patience*, etc.:—"This little speech of Katharina's," says Clarke, "affords an evidence of what, to our minds, Shakespeare subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and con-

sideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katharina how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home."

168. *both of us*:—Clarke bids us observe "that Petruchio—or rather Shakespeare through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

Scene II.

54. *the taming-school*:—The old play has this dialogue here:—

Val. . . .
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.
Vale. He saies so.
Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
Vale. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?
Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Scene III.

[*Enter Katharina.*] Here the old play:—

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander, I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.
San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.
She beates him.
San. Soones are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Giue sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankeful for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you 'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

25. *the mustard is too hot*:—This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. Thus, in *The Glass of Humours*: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats,* from *mustard,* and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

47. *I thank you, sir*:—"This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand,* excellently depict," as Clarke observes, "the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katharina's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries."

61. *Come, tailor,* etc.:—Again, in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

. . . . . .

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor,* thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou 'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Scene IV.

5. *Pegasus*:—Shakespeare, according to Steevens, has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. Clarke, however, remarks that it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England.

Scene V.

2. *how bright and goodly shines the moon!*—Here the old play has:—

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens,* and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens*?
Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe,*
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede,*
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,

Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*
Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

89. *Call forth an officer*:—Here in the old play we find Sly thus speaking:—

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Scene II.

129. *The more fool you*, etc.:—"This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax," as Clarke thinks, "to the

delineation of Bianca's character. Shakespeare has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

189. [*Exeunt.*] In the old play we find Sly disposed of in the following manner:—

> Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
> Owne apparell againe and leaues him
> Where they found, him, and then goes out.
> Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie,* Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster,* oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
Exeunt Omnes.

Questions on

The Taming of the Shrew.

1. Upon what old play is this present one of Shakespeare based?
2. How has Shakespeare improved on the original?
3. From whom did he take the suggestion for the Induction? Mention the source of the under plot; of the Latin lesson.

INDUCTION.

4. Explain the purpose of the Induction. Is it thoroughly welded with the play?
5. What habit of Elizabethan audiences is appropriated to the action of the play?
6. How does Sly answer the Hostess's plea that he pay for broken glasses? What humorous characteristic does he display?
7. What comparison is implied between beast and man in Sc. i.?
8. With what purpose does the Lord undertake the jest which he plays upon Sly?
9. How is his plan further elaborated by the arrival of players? What custom of Elizabethan times does this episode of the players reflect?
10. Does Sly realize the Lord's expectations? How is Sly shown a braggart?
11. Is the vulgarity of Sly any worse than that of the Lord?

ACT FIRST.

12. How does Shakespeare characterize Padua, Lombardy, Pisa?
13. Who was Lucentio's father? What had been Lucentio's education? What relaxation did he seek?
14. How is he answered by Tranio? Explain the allusion to Aristotle and Ovid.

15. Who enter in company with Baptista and his two daughters? What condition has he set to the marriage of Bianca? What is Lucentio's first impression of her?

16. How do Hortensio and Gremio plan to overcome the obstacle in the way of their addresses to Bianca? How does Lucentio likewise?

17. What is Sly's comment on the play? Describe the humour of Shakespeare's characterization of the Tinker.

18. What hint of Petruchio's character do you get from his encounter with his man Grumio, Sc. ii.?

19. Upon what mission do we find Petruchio bent?

20. Does his extravagance make him a character of comedy or of farce?

21. What plan for seeing Bianca does Hortensio make with Petruchio?

22. Explain the allusion (ii. 257, 258) to Hercules and Alcides.

ACT SECOND.

23. How does the opening of this Act exhibit Katharina?

24. Explain the expression (i. 34) *lead apes in hell.* In what sense does Beatrice use it in *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. i. 40? Does not Katharina show a genuine desire to marry?

25. How does Baptista stipulate that Katharina shall be won? How does Petruchio describe his manner of wooing?

26. Is the scene of Katharina beating her music master more humorous in the telling than it would be enacted before the spectators?

27. Describe the probable manner of Katharina's entrance in the first Scene after line 182.

28. In comparison with that, show the humour of Petruchio's opening of the dialogue with Katharina.

29. Was Katharina small or large? Where do you find confirmation of your view?

30. What was it that brought Katharina around to assent to the match?

31. What form of betrothal did Baptista use? Was it English?

32. What remarkable examples of local colour does this Act contain? From this and *The Merchant of Venice* what reasons do commentators find to believe that Shakespeare travelled in Italy?

ACT THIRD.

33. Mention some tributes in this and other plays made to music.
34. Describe the scene of the lessons.
35. What is the cumulative effect of Sc. ii.?
36. When does the taming first begin?
37. How does Shakespeare here and elsewhere refer to *school*?
38. Why is the marriage-scene not enacted in the sight of the spectators?
39. How does the report of it by Grumio assist the effect of the scene immediately following?

ACT FOURTH.

40. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the early part of Sc. i., carried on between Curtis and Grumio.
41. How does Katharina take the part of the servants against Petruchio?
42. Describe how the bride and bridegroom finished the day together.
43. What sporting figure does Shakespeare employ in Petruchio's soliloquy at the end of Sc. i.?
44. How is the ground abandoned by the other lovers of Bianca in favour of Lucentio?
45. Whom does Hortensio promise to wed? How does this match of Hortensio furnish a faint shadow of the main plot?
46. For what purpose is the Pedant made to personate Vincentio?
47. In what other play does Shakespeare make use of the restrictive laws passed by Italian cities against each other? How, in this one, is such a law made to subserve the plot?
48. Explain how the plight of Katharina as depicted in Sc. iii. is comic and not pathetic?
49. What sign of relenting does Petruchio give in lines 50-60?
50. How further is Katharina tried?
51. What stages in the under plot are accomplished in Sc. iv.?
52. What height of comic absurdity does the main plot reach in Sc. v.? Is this the climax of the play? Indicate the exact point.
53. Show how all the threads of the drama are drawn together at the close of the fourth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

54. What does the opening of this Act foreshadow?

55. How do the real and the counterfeit fathers of Lucentio meet? What is the dramatic purpose of this parley?

56. Is the intrigue of the under plot convincing? Show wherein it is weak.

57. Indicate the dramatic nature of the last Scene.

58. What wager does Petruchio lay, and how is it won?

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59. Does Petruchio ever show genuine ill humour?

60. Does this play convey a sense of reality?

61. Its moral is obvious. State what it is.

62. Why does Sly disappear after the first Act?

63. Which of the characters is conceived in the highest spirit of comic art?

64. Is there any evil in the nature of Katharina?

65. In comparison with Shakespeare's other comedies, is this noticeably lacking in distinctly poetic qualities? Assign the reason for your view.